Did Edgar Allan Poe Love His Wife?

By PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE

THE first person to call into question the depth of Poe's devotion to his wife was a woman. He is bemoaned by Mrs. Weiss, author of "Poe's Home Life," as the victim, the martyr, of an imprudent and unnatural marriage, which deprived him of the solace of congenial companionship, robbed him of his only chance of winning pecuniary and social advantage, and bowed him down to a life of toil destitution and blighting disappointment. "Patiently and uncomplainingly he bore his unhappy lot," she says "and it is to be noted no word or act of unkindness for the wife and mother who loved him was ever known to escape from him."

Was the poet's reticence a proof of calculated chivalry, as this writer implies, or was it a proof of his genuine devotion, as it certainly was of his manliness? As is well known, he attributed his fits of reckless dissipation in Philadelphia to his inability to endure the anguish caused by the violent fluctuations in Mrs. Poe's health at that time, a natural course of conduct in a person of such infirm will. But, says this biographer, his assertion that he "loved his wife as man never loved before," reveals the insincerity of this whole memorable confession. Its extravagance in that one particular stamps it as untrue in all. So, according to the same writer, when Mrs. Osgood, after a daily observation extending over many months, declared that "Virginia was the only woman the poet had ever loved," she was simply endeavoring to divert censure from her own culpability in permitting him, a married man, to show her the persistent attentions of an ardent admirer.

Based on Two Grounds.

Mrs. Weiss's imputation against Poe of indifference towards his wife seems to have been based on two grounds.

First, the impressions of persons who had seen them together during their brief sojourn in Richmond. Now, it should be borne in mind that Virginia was only fourteen years of age when she arrived in that city, and she was only sixteen when she left it, never again to return.

It was during this short interval only, when she was still a mere child, that she was observed by the Mackenzies, whose recollections Mrs. Weiss seems to have chiefly relied on. "I believe that Edgar loved his wife," remarked one member of that family, "but not that he ever was in love with her." In other words, the affection which animated her youthful husband was the sort of affection which he might have felt for a sister, but not for a wife who monopolized his entire heart. The same informants emphasized the fact that, during these first two years of his married life, he so neglected Virginia, and was so attentive to other women, as to call forth remonstrances from Mrs. Mackenzie; they asserted that he was rarely seen in the boarding-house where his wife and mother-in-law lodged; and that he threw away in vicious self-indulgence the salary which should have been spent in promoting their ease and comfort. In order to explain why it was that he married Virginia, a person, who, as these Richmond people correctly presumed, possessed no worldly advantages to influence him in taking that step, they declared that he had been prompted to do it by an impulse of chivalry aroused by Mrs. Clemm's writing to him that her daughter, after his departure from Baltimore to become associate editor of the Messenger, had fallen into a decline from grief over their separation.

Secondly, Mrs. Weiss endeavors to sustain her general contention by what may be defined as the inherent improbability of so great a genius feeling any deep attachment for a wife who remained so immature in mind and heart up to her last hour. Poe, she declares, was a man who craved a superior woman's love, and the sympathetic appreciation of talented members of the female sex, in whose companionship he so obviously delighted. The marriage, she assures us, was the upshot of a calculated family arrangement—not a spontaneous match, which the subtle influence of congenial tastes had brought about. That Virginia never grew to the full rounded character and affections of ripe womanhood was demonstrated, in this biographer's opinion, by her entire freedom from jealousy in observing her husband's romantic interest in Mrs. Osgood.

She regarded him with the most implicit and most infantile faith, and was never heard to reproach him for neglect. Moreover, according to Mrs. Weiss, she was too ordinary in mind to value or even to comprehend his genius, and she neither felt nor pretended to feel pride or gratification in his fame. It was to Mrs. Clemm, not to her, that he turned for sympathy in his literary works. He himself acknowledged to Mrs. Mackenzie, after Virginia's death, that she had never read half his poems. "She was his pet, his plaything," continues Mrs. Weiss; "his little Sissy, whose sunny temper and affectionate disposition brightened and cheered his home."

The correctness of this view would seem, on its face, to be fully confirmed by his own admission. Writing to Mrs. Whitman, in 1848, after Mrs. Poe's death, he said: "If I have erred at all, it has been on the side of what the world would call a quixotic sense of the honorable. It was for this that I did violence to my own heart and married for another's happiness, where I knew that no possibility of my own existed."

Words Not Conclusive.

Now these words would be conclusive but for two reasons, which may be set forth: First, at the time of the marriage, Virginia, being only fourteen years of age, and the husband twenty-seven, he may well have had the feeling which he represents himself to have had, and yet subsequently have gradually acquired a deeper and more tender devotion for her. This would not have been at all inconsistent with the truth of his apparently disloyal acknowledgment.

Secondly, he was now absorbed in the ardent pursuit of Mrs. Whitman, a woman of a very sentimental cast of character, who, whatever she might think of its good taste, was certain to be flattered by the passionate declaration that she was really his first love. In her instance, as in Mrs. Shelton's afterwards, Poe, in order to gain his end, was only too unscrupulous in making professions not really supported by the facts, and he was the more inclined to do this in the case of both because his desire to marry them was perhaps largely prompted by motives of a worldly complexion, which had had no part whatever in bringing about his union with Virginia.

Are we left to probabilities alone to help us to discover whether or not Poe was strictly correct in saying that he was more influenced by chivalrous feeling than by passionate affection in marrying his wife? She was, as is well known, his first cousin. During his sojourn with her mother in Baltimore, after his dismissal from West Point, when Virginia was still under twelve years of age, he had been her daily companion, had assisted in her education, and had endeavored in many other ways to guide and quicken her mental progress. She attached herself to him with all the unreasoning ardor of hero worship, but as yet it was the blind idolatry of undiscriminating childhood. When she was in her thirteenth year she became engaged to him, and this was the character of their relations when he left for Richmond to act as Mr. White's assistant in the management of the Messenger. There is no positive proof that Mrs. Clemm herself was an eager advocate of the match, although it is known that she favored it, in her desire to keep the little family together and to assure a permanent protector for her daughter and herself.

Owing to Virginia's tender youth at the time, it seems rather fanciful to presume that there had been such a confession of love on her part as to make it imperative for her cousin, after his protracted attentions, to offer his hand as a matter of honor. It can hardly be supposed that a child of thirteen—one, too, so remarkable for immaturity—would be in danger of withering from unrequited passion, and Poe must have understood this to be so as clearly as Mrs. Clemm. If he bound himself to one so young, it must have been because he was honestly devoted to her, a state of feeling less unintelligible in the case of an impulsive, imaginative poet than it would have been in the case of the average prosaic mortal.

Chances to Break With Her.

Even after his arrival in Richmond the future poet had the amplest opportunity to bring about a permanent rupture of his pledge to his cousin without any dishonor personal to himself. Neilson Poe, her brother-in-law, having been informed of the engagement, and not approving it on account of her extreme youth, offered to take her into his own family until she was eighteen, at which age she was to be at liberty to marry Edgar should she still wish to do so. Mrs. Clemm wrote her nephew of this proposal. Did he receive the news with easy contentment? Did he reply with ready assent?

Would this not have been his behavior had his feeling for his cousin been simply one of chivalry? What could be more kind, considerate and sensible than the reasons which Neilson Poe had given in making his offer? There was no intention to break off the match—only a wish to postpone it. Poe must have admitted to himself the force of the reasons that demanded deference. Did he accept them? By no means. This man, who is represented as influenced only by a quixotic impulse in engaging himself to his cousin, sat down immediately and wrote Mrs. Clemm a burning letter, in which he implored her to reject Neilson's proposition, and to consider seriously no plan whatever that would deprive him of all hope of marrying Virginia at an early day.

So despondent did he become over the mere thought of separation, although he must have perceived clearly enough that it would be expedient for a time, that he, at one hour at least, feverishly contemplated suicide. This is the only tenable inference to be drawn from the wording of his letter to Mr. Kennedy, composed only thirteen days after he had dispatched his earnest remonstrance to Mrs. Clemm. "My feelings at this moment," he wrote, "are pitiable indeed. I am suffering under a depression of spirits such as I have never felt before. I have struggled in vain against the influence of this melancholy. . . . I am wretched, and know not why. Console me, for you can. But let it be quickly, or it will be too late. You will not fail to see that I am suffering under a depression of spirits, which will ruin me should it be long continued."

The extreme dejection reflected in the tone of this letter was not due to any abrupt overclouding of his editorial prospects; he himself acknowledges that he was miserable in spite "of the great improvement in his circumstances." "Why should you have these villainous blue devils," remonstrates Mr. Kennedy in his kind reply, "when everybody is praising you, and when fortune is beginning to smile?"

Before Poe could answer this letter—in fact, before he had even received it—he had returned to Baltimore. Only eleven days after he had written to Mr. Kennedy, and only twenty-four after he had written to Mrs. Clemm, he had obtained a license to marry his cousin.

By the close of the year he was settled with the two in Richmond; the publication of the Messenger had been resumed, and he was practically in exclusive control of its management. "I am now in every respect," he wrote Kennedy in January, "comfortable and happy." In the following May (1836) the public marriage took place, at which time Virginia was not quite fourteen. Poe himself was thirteen years older.

The view of the deficiencies of the marriage expressed by Mrs. Weiss was based by her, as already mentioned, on the observations of persons who had known Virginia only during the short interval passed in Richmond, when she was still a mere child. Did anything occur after the couple left that city which tended to strengthen the poet's attachment to his wife? During the sojourn in Philadelphia Mrs. Poe, while singing, burst a blood vessel, and from that hour her health, already delicate from consumptive weakness, was subject to serious fluctuations, which constantly made those who loved her apprehensive for her life. For weeks she would be confined to her room, hardly able to breathe unless she was fanned. What was the behavior of the husband during these recurring periods of alarming illness? Did he show indifference? Did he appear insensible? Not at all. "Mr. Poe," says an eyewitness, "was so sensitive and irritable no one dared to speak . . . and he would not allow a word about the danger of her dying; the mention of it drove him wild."

His Power Deadened.

His distress seemed to deaden his power of literary achievement. "He would steal out of the house at night," the same witness remembers, "and wander about the streets for hours . . . heartsick, despairing, not knowing which way to turn or what to do." Even the critical and hostile Griswold was struck with the silent evidences of his devotion. "On one occasion," that writer records, "he sent for me to visit him during a period of illness caused by protracted and anxious watching at the side of his sick wife."

"His love for his wife," says George R. Graham, who observed him during this same period, "was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes. I have seen him hovering around her, when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her firstborn—her slightest cough causing in him a shudder, a breast chill that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes, eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face, haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain. It was this hourly anticipation of his loss that made him a sad and thoughtful man, and lent a mournful melody to his undying song."

J. C. Clarke, who also was intimately associated with Poe and his wife in Philadelphia, was equally affected by the proofs of his ardent love for her. "No adversity, not even the fiend that haunted him in the fatal cup, could warp or lessen it; and this attachment, intense as it was, was equally strong and enduring in the soul of his Annabel Lee, his gentle mate, whose affection the poem so touchingly and sadly commemorates:

"'And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.'"

After this recital of the impressions of quiet and disinterested observers, who would have detected at once any ring of insincerity in the poet's conduct towards his wife, does it appear a falsehood in him, as some of his detractors would have us believe, to ascribe his own excessive dissipation at times, during his residence in Philadelphia, to the anxiety of mind which tortured him there in consequence of her critical illnesses so often returning? It seems like desecration to say that he made that assertion simply to gild over his natural proclivity for the cup, and that it was not an honest expression of devotion to his beautiful, refined and dying Virginia.

It is only necessary to quote his sadly eloquent words to carry conviction to an impartial mind: "Six years ago a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of a year the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. Then again, again and evermore again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death, and at each occasion of the disease, I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate tenacity."

Are not these words the natural expression of a genuine and engrossing love? Are they not entirely consistent with all those spontaneous acts of almost trembling devotion recalled by persons who had observed his bearing at the time? The acts prove the sincerity of the words; the words reflect the sincerity of the acts.

Letter Throws Vivid Light.

When the family decided to leave Philadelphia and to remove to New York, the poet and his wife made the journey several days in advance of Mrs. Clemm; and to this fact we are indebted for a letter, written by him to his mother-in-law, which throws an intimate and vivid light upon his gentle and considerate relations with Virginia. "Sissy," he says, "coughed none at all. When we got to the wharf it was raining hard. I left her on the boat. . . . I set off to buy an umbrella and look for a boarding-house. I made a bargain in a few minutes, and then got a hack and went for Sis. I had not gone more than half an hour, and she was quite astonished to see me back so soon. . . . Sis is delighted, and we are both in excellent spirits. She has coughed hardly any and had no night sweat. She is now busy mending my pants, which I tore against a nail. . . . Sissy had a hearty cry last night because you and Catarina (the cat) were not here."

Compare this touchingly unaffected little picture of the two, so contentedly all alone to themselves in the great city, with that other picture preserved by Mrs. Osgood, when she herself was present. She had gladly accepted a warm invitation from both to call on them in Amity Street. Poe had just finished the articles dissecting the Literati of New York, which, as was customary with him, he had written on very long, narrow rolls of manuscript. "Come, Virginia," he cried out, "help me!" "And, one by one," says Mrs. Osgood, "they unfolded the rolls. At last, they came to one which seemed interminable. Virginia laughingly ran to one corner of the room with one end, and her husband to the opposite with the other. 'And what lengthened sweetness long drawn out is that?' said I. 'Hear her,' he cried; 'just as if her little vain heart did not tell her it's herself.'"

But unhappily not all the scenes during this sojourn in New York revealed Virginia in such a lively and active mood. "Poe," says Mrs. Brennan, with whom they passed the summer of 1843, "was the gentlest of husbands and devoted to his invalid wife. Frequently when she was weaker than usual, he carried her tenderly from her room to the dinner table and satisfied every whim."

But it was at Fordham that the most beautiful, because the most pathetic, side of Poe's married life was unfolded. It was there that Virginia died, and it was there that he drank the overflowing contents of the cup of sorrow down to the last drop. It was in the vain hope of improving her rapidly sinking health that, abandoning the city, he rented the little rural cottage, situated on the high road leading to Kingsbridge, where he passed the last three years of his career. It was in the spring that he carried Virginia thither; the cherry trees were in bloom, the grass was lushly verdant, the wild flowers were blooming, and all growing things were full of a new vitality in sad contrast with the fading form at his side. Mrs. Clemm, recalling the events of these closing days, says that Poe rarely left his own threshold, even for a stroll, unless either she or her daughter accompanied him.

His Touching Letter.

His thoughtful solicitude for his wife is revealed very touchingly in the only letter addressed to her by him which has been preserved. He was compelled, on one occasion, to remain away from her for a night. "Our mother," he wrote, "will explain to you why I stay away from you this night. I trust the interview I am promised will result in some substantial good for me—for your dear sake and hers—keep up your heart in all hopefulness, and trust yet a little longer. On my last great disappointment, I should have lost my courage but for you, my little darling wife. You are my greatest and only stimulus now to battle with this uncongenial, unsatisfactory and ungrateful life. I shall be with you to-morrow P. M., and be assured until I see you, I will keep in loving remembrance your last words, and your fervent prayer. Sleep well, and may God grant you a peaceful summer with your devoted Edgar."

Do we require any further proof of the poet's devotion to his wife than this tender and considerate letter, written in the deep privacy of his own disappointed heart? Was it not the unconscious and unaffected expression of the "charming love and confidence," which, as Mrs. Osgood so earnestly affirmed, from her own personal observation of the couple at this time, "was always delightfully apparent in their relations?" Nor is the sincerity of such an intimate epistle refuted by those "little poetical episodes," in which (to use again Mrs. Osgood's words) "the impassioned romance of his temperament impelled him to indulge": episodes which Mrs. Weiss has asserted revealed the shallowness of his love for his wife.

Never did the poet appear more winning than at Fordham in the society of his family and their occasional guests. "Playful, affectionate, witty, alternately docile and wayward as a petted child," remarks one of his visitors, "for his young, gentle, and doilized wife, and for all who came, he had, even in the midst of his most harassing duties, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention."

A lady, who, in the summer of 1846, often passed by the cottage, recalls seeing the invalid Virginia sitting at her front door, carefully muffled up as a protection against dampness, while her husband was seated near at hand reading, or he was amusing her by playing ball with the children who had gathered from the homes in the neighborhood. This was only a few months before she was compelled to take to her bed permanently, in consequence of the rapid strides which her disease had made. Her distemper had entered upon its last stage when Mrs. Gove-Nichols visited Fordham, and recorded her impressions of what she saw there. Though every aspect of the sick chamber revealed only too clearly and poignantly the poverty of the family, its extreme neatness was perceptible at the first glance. The only clothing on the bed, which was composed of straw, consisted of a counterpane and sheets, but these were snowy in their whiteness. The dying wife reclined on the bed, wrapped in her husband's greatcoat, and as an additional means of obtaining warmth, she permitted the favorite cat of the family to nestle in her bosom. Her husband and mother were engaged in chafing her hands and feet.

In consequence of the earnest representations of this benevolent and sympathetic eyewitness of so much privation and distress, charitable persons in New York soon came to the relief of the afflicted family. The most active in giving succor was Mrs. Shew. To her, only a short time before Virginia's death, Poe wrote a letter which reflected all the intense anguish of mind, which he felt in anticipation of the impending tragedy: "Kindest, dearest friend,—my poor Virginia yet lives, although failing fast, and now suffering much pain. May God grant her life until she sees you and thanks you once again! Her bosom is full to overflowing—like my own—with a boundless and inexpressible gratitude to you. . . . Come, oh, come to-morrow. Yes, I will be calm; everything you so nobly wish to see me."

It was due to the skilful and energetic assistance of this noble woman that Virginia's life was prolonged a few days. "But for you," wrote Mrs. Clemm, "we should have had no last word, no loving messages, no sweet farewells, for she ceased to speak from weakness, but with her beautiful eyes."

Near to Insanity.

Poe refused to visit the bier of his dead wife; he wished to remember her form and features only as they had appeared in life. It was said that the face, in spite of the ravages of disease, was neither sunken nor wasted, nor was it even furrowed with lines of suffering. The stricken husband, on a lowering day, followed her body to the family vault of the Valentines, moldering in the deep shadow of the church at Fordham. The anxiety of years was ended, but the reaction left him in a state barely short of positive insanity, for days he found it impossible to obtain any restful or soothing sleep; he would either rise, and wandering to the neighboring cemetery, where his wife had been buried, throw himself at length upon the vault, or still stretched out on the bed, would call to his mother-in-law, who, responding, would quietly stroke his forehead as he lay with half closed eyes. Mrs. Shew, observing him closely at this time, notes in her diary: "I did not feel much hope that he could be raised up from brain fever, brought on by extreme suffering of mind and body—actual want and hunger and cold having been borne by this heroic husband in order to supply food, medicine, and comforts to his dying wife, until exhaustion and lifelessness were so near at every reaction of the fever that even sedatives had to be administered with extreme caution."

The two poems that are most characteristic of Poe's genius are the "Raven" and "Ulalume." The "Raven" was composed about a year before his wife expired. Its pivotal idea was probably suggested to him by his forebodings in observing from day to day her wasting form; he knew, while writing those strange stanzas, that her death was only a matter of a few months at the longest; it required but a small stretch of the imagination on his part perhaps to project himself into the future so far as that hour, which he foresaw, was inevitable. The shadow had already stolen over his heart; it could hardly have been more clearly perceptible to his shrinking consciousness, had the event so much dreaded already happened. It was but natural that his mind should have been darkened with those phantoms of a mournful and never-ending remembrance, just when they were beginning only too surely to take the shape of grisly realities.

But whether or not the "Raven" was inspired by the certainty of Virginia's approaching end, whether she was or was not his Lenore, not yet lost, but only too soon to melt away, like a vision at the dead of night, beyond the eager reach of his arms, there can be no doubt whatever, that, in "Ulalume," composed after his wife's death, he had preserved the almost supernatural spirit of the emotions aroused in his breast by that recent bereavement. In this poem, dropped like a meteorite as it were from another sphere—so alien is it to all human experience—he reflected, in a spectral light, the full force of his sorrow. It is a record of his own actions and thoughts when oppressed by the burden of his grief. Nightly he visited the lonely vault, and it was there that his mind called up these unearthly images of Death and the Soul.

In "Annabel Lee," a simple and natural ballad, easily intelligible to all men, he gave a more touching expression to the distress which his wife's death had caused him, and he paid her memory the additional homage of those two beautiful lines in the poem which he addressed to Mrs. Clemm. But the most sadly moving of all his tributes is the one embodied in the most eloquent prose poem in the language, "Eleonora," in which he pictures, as only genius inspired by passion can picture, their love for each other in the heavenly Valley of the Many Colored Grass.

HARRISONBURG

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Harrisonburg, Va., January 6.—Mrs. M. B. Calwell and daughter have gone to Whiteville, Tenn., to visit Mrs. Calwell's sister, Mrs. W. S. Nuckolls.

Miss Brownie Liskey has returned from a visit to Miss Catharine Colner, in Lexington.

Miss Frances Sibert has returned from a visit to Waynesboro.

Dr. R. A. Dodd, of Broadway, spent last week with his mother at Brookneal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stickel left Wednesday for Florida to visit their son, Frank, at Jacksonville.

Mrs. J. B. D. Rhodes is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Moffett, in Asheboro, N. C.

Dr. J. W. Black returned Tuesday to Waterville, Me., after a visit to his sister, Mrs. W. J. Dingledine.

Miss Frances Sublett, of Warrenton, was a recent visitor in the home of Mrs. F. L. Sublett.

Mrs. I. N. Beery, Jr., has returned from a visit to Mrs. Oscar Lee, in Lexington.

Miss Louis Gorrell, of Lexington, and Miss Dickson, of Philadelphia, were recent guests of Mrs. M. T. Tabler, in Elkton.

Miss Elizabeth Watts, of Charlottesville, has been visiting Miss Ida Miller, in Elkton.

Miss Nancy Wyatt, of Richmond, spent the holidays with her aunt, Mrs. Herbert Coffman.

Miss Massie Kirby, of Staunton, was a recent guest of Miss Rhoda McCorkle.

Mr. and Mrs. Champ Jennings entertained a large number of friends at the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of their wedding on last Tuesday. They live in the Mauzy-Athlone neighborhood.

PENNED BY WALLACE·IRWIN

THE GREAT MAN'S PRIMER OR GUIDE to SUCCESS

PICTURED BY E·W·KEMBLE

ANDREW CARNEGIE

OH SEE the grand build-ing! Yes, I pipe it. How much it looks like the Prim-rose Coun-ty Jail.

Hush, Pem-broke, hush! That is not a jail. It is Ski-bo Cas-tle.

Ski-bo. What a fun-ny name! It sounds like an Es-ki-mo cuss word. What is a Ski-bo?

Ski-bo, my child, is a word of Scottish origin, and means "Any sum of mon-ey greater than forty-five cents." Chas-ing the Ski-bo has been the Scot-tish nation-al sport for man-y gen-er-ations.

Is this Ski-bo Cas-tle oc-cupied?

Well, raw-ther! Don't you ken the wee, sonsie gen-tle-man stand-ing on the front steps

Since he has re-lin-quished his con-trol of the Steel Trust he has become General Man-a-ger of the Un-i-verse. This gives Plen-ty of Leis-ure for Fishing.

look-ing like Santa Claus in a plaid skirt? Guess who it is.

Gosh! Can it be An-drew Car-ne-gie?

Right, laddie, right.

But why does he look so tick-led?

He is making a speech. He is ad-dressing the vil-la-gers on the evils of great wealth. He is telling them that greed is a can-ker that eat-eth away the heart. He is in-form-ing them that learning is more pre-cious than fine jools. In fact, he is grad-u-al-ly hedg-ing round to the sub-ject of lib-ra-ries. Please note the fright-ened ex-pres-sion on the faces of the simp-le towns-folk.

Is there a li-bra-ry in the town of Ski-bo?

IS there? Say! The main street of the vil-lage looks like a Five Mile Book Shelf. Every po-lice-man has to be a li-bra-ri-an in ad-di-tion to his other du-ties. The-prominent sa-loons of the place are called the "Six Best Cellars." "Authors" is the only gambling game per-mitted within the city lim-its, and ev-ery aft-er-noon the school boys meet on vac-ant lots to en-joy Bac-on-Shak-speare con-tro-ver-sies.

I wonder how they stand it?

The Scotch are in-deed a hardy race. But there is such a thing as push-ing a good thing too far. Some day Andy will give them one lib-ra-ry too many and the Scotch will rise up with a mighty hoot, crush-ing their can-ny bene-fac-tor under the works of Ar-nold-Ben-nett. The book-worm will turn.

Has And-y any re-gu-lar occupa-tion?

Not very. Since he re-lin-quished his con-trol of the Steel Trust he has be-come General Man-a-ger of the Un-i-verse. This gives him plen-ty of leisure for fishing and skir-ling, sports which he dear-ly loves.

Is the Un-i-verse eas-i-er to manage than a Steel Plant?

Lots eas-i-er. To conduct a Trust requires brains and ex-per-i-ence, while run-ning the Un-i-verse is mostly guess work.

What is the av-er-age daily grist of this Great Mind?

He ar-ris-es at five and breakfasts on oats, thus im-prov-ing his horse-sense. Does he eat them cooked? Neigh. Quickly chang-ing the spel-ling of "ptomaine." "Psyche." "Goethals" and "Des Moines" so their families wouldn't know them, he catch-es the 6:12 ferry-boat for The Hague (pronounced Haig). There he goes to the Peace Palace and con-gra-tu-lates the Commis-sion-ers on the tran-quil condition of the world, es-pe-ci-ally in Chin-a, Trip-o-li, Mex-i-co, Mor-ro-co, Vn-e-zu-e-la and Los Ange-les. He then grants a pension of $6 a week to sev-er-al college pres-i-dents who can prove them-selves to be over a hun-dred years of age. He then tel-e-graphs to the Capitals of the Earth his wonderful dis-cov-er-y, "Be Good and You Will Be Vir-tu-ous."

Does An-dy waste his en-tire day at The Hague?

Nixie. An-dy is no spend-thrift of his mom-ents. At noon he com-mutes to Pitts-burgh, where he lunches with E. H. Gary, and pre-sents a 50c medal lab-elled "My Hero" to the only man who ever dared tell the truth about Ten-nes-see Coal & Iron. In the af-ter-noon he goes to New York, where he sits in his Fifth Avenue man-sion and meets re-port-ers. They ask him for some tips on the Stock Mark-et, but he light-ly turns them aside by giv-ing them his list of the Twen-ty Greatest Men in the World.

Who are included in this All-Star Team?

Nineteen of 'em are con-nec-ted in some way with the Steel Indus-try. The other one is Shak-speare.

Why drag in Shak-speare?

No-bod-y seems to know. Perhaps An-dy is ac-quaint-ed with his pub-lish-er. Did you ev-er hear the story of An-dy and the bur-glar?

Come across with it.

A Bur-glar once en-tered the Car-ne-gie mansion and re-moved a doz-en vel-vet jew-el box-es out of An-dy's bur-eau drawer. The next day the mis-guid-ed man called at the front door and returned the sto-len prop-er-ty.

A noble act, was it not?

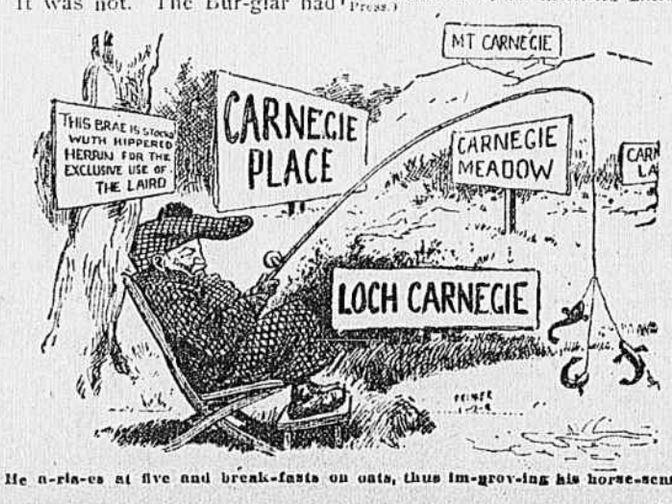
It was not. The Bur-glar had looked over the jew-el cases and dis-cov-er-ed that they con-tained nothing but Hero Medals. Andy at-tempted to pin one of these Danglers on the fel-low's chest, but he es-caped out of a rear win-dow.

Thanks, teacher, thanks! You have taught me con-sid-er-able in this brief sketch of And-rew Car-ne-gie.

What help-ful les-son have you learned, lit-tle one?

I have ass-i-mil-at-ed this diffy-dill:

"Money Talks. If you have Enough of It, Life will be One Long Monologue."



He ar-ris-es at five and break-fasts on oats, thus im-prov-ing his horse-sense.